

Part 1 : An Apotheosis

Sangdoclentine

(The Wording of an Apotheosis)

Several are the days of autumn and age
when shrapnel of flesh and sparks emit from page
and spoken about are the facets of a secluded space
deep within the recesses of a tree's spine, a place
where the words dance weirdly and the severances are paid.
Wonder, many are there that which shall pass
be nothing more than a mesmer's glamoured past.
The tabernacles are set free, the astral lands sending glee
to all those that suffered and toiled long for their's to flee.
Within windows are art pieces and things that should not
be seen...nevertheless are the tinkerers that will not be caught.
So we arrive at the story whereby the dancers of tonight
shift subtly the ways in which this is read, for fear of a fright
that would come calling in amidst the red's and the blue's
rise about the ways of the wind and the colors' vibrant hues.
Something in the way this is written vibrates and pulsates,
Memories purvey the way, and gods sick themselves post haste
upon the victims, human, all and their choice for happiness.
These art pieces are built of tiles with particular glyphs,
and principles that aid a sorcerer's mind to make as if...
A culture of colt herder's transcends the myth of being chased
by a people that sought to have some sport and game raced.
The dream is long and we are only just beginning
to understand the ways in which nameless art is impressing
itself upon the freedom to which a being can cast itself out
and done is the day to which we are broken, the fabled route
is only to be followed and to be sigilized in the times a comin'.
Future books may be read and secrets gleaned in the beard of men.
Blankets of leaves surround the ground and the clucks of many a hen.
It is autumn time, time of the Fall. Glycerin remnants hint at the poison.

Someone must write of the secrets of the puns and the riddles that poise in wait amidst the knowledge of why the uneasy laugh. Cards are dealt in gaffs. Yielding impossible tricks of the light whereby impress may happen in half, if not in the fullness of time. To do it the way of a god, is to be alone with will. When comes the way, that impossible day, when work and sordid entertainment fill the people's mind and the people's will, then the jester will do something new. Filling the world with some sort of change that brings down the IO-AO-OEM. Secreting away the stash of commodities that never go out of style, one poem will seek to send a message of truth of many truths, contextually given with rife imagery and cadence sought to spell resolution and reconcile the pained strife of the humans that dwell in a land below where magic is working itself into kind and people do not find Apophenia on

their own, but instead ask the blind... THOTH guises as thought and cough, shaking the misery into exhausted space. Isis accompanies him in the ground but with no substance shakes the hound-face. Dual rhymes gather importance amidst the colloquialisms of the gods. Words tricks, rhetoric, and branching language seek to spell the world into odds. When really this is about the world that is coincidence of the material world, this is about as much about what is not done as what is done, plant-man curled into a creature that bespoke an ancient teacher...one who would unveil mysteries and change from content, form and force, to one of simple histories. Myself, I find little reason to dwell on the past, as it technically has not happened for the present moment itself has not happened yet either... go on Map-land, talk about the ways through the dream. All this is guise except for the subtle separated from the gross, the harem on earth that is for the gentle folk haematal. All sadness of children purvey from the realization they cannot make magic, says Walter Benjamin, and that the link between happiness and magic is immoral, is understood as a test to higher ethics in the maxim that he who realizes that he is happy has already ceased to be so. One of the things that a tree-man advises is the art that grows into the realms has such fantastic vision and expression that the human is working on his apotheosis of his fabulous, mysterious, wickedly cunning numen. Several moments passage through time as a cross is set down upon a turning wheel, yielding something forevermore teeming and seemingly colored computer-ly teal. In a science that promises such aid to broken people are tempers in a diaphanous translucent film...Alchemically rife with studious strife, and the people dither about and dally down as the rally. Setting free from the subtle students' masquerade, a timeless notion of writhing alleys. Conversation with the air involves a sensuous experience that names the doors of perception in a essential nature that reality is subject to change, and no matter that height one climb has exception a bolt in the ceiling of a pendulum that swirls above the floor, in patterns of increasing complexity, drives past the trucks in downtown excursions of realizing that fear and confusion's reflexivity...yields a intuition that a woman can deliver and handle and man cannot for to eat the apple is to be done by the woman, no man has it possible, as does the ageless timing of the side chapel. Sweet are the smells of the food and messages delivered in the traffic lights tell the direction. A dream I have had has revealed the understanding that energy is thought and to see thought, but not to see energy, which is what desire suggests might be some unfulfilled relevance. Summertime drives a story into the night, autumn passes through the descriptions into aesthetics. Spirits are awoken who will regale them with a tale that is not of a simple ritual phyletics. Words are powerful and straight up imagination synthesis is revealed with into some diamond. He turns into flight as he walks down the path of symbols, of muck, slime and... Symbols take on a tone and a hyper-reality is perceived as walking towards the reflections of narrated-curious-quixotic-temperamental-elemental-gathering essential reality perception...

-Whew- what a mouthful, a telling of the tale that was asked of me diffuses and refuses...

One time scattered through the performance was a subconscious performance of the others.

Residing in time with happiness, and magic of course, for magic is important in the equation. Rotary words shiver on the page. Rotating and changing the history-story-branching of the language.

(Happiness)

Amongst the embarrassment, the feeling of relaxing, there is a feeling of overwhelming. Seeing what I do not want to, I set off to do the work and am lost in the perceptions of everything except that which began it all and will end it all, pursued night after night through the wildscapes of

seemingscapes, the flotsam and jetsam of shivering feathers' flights...words continue to shudder.

Amidst the apoptosis, quivers colder and colder a collapse of what is behind that which is in front...and that which is entangled between the two ends of the cross. One who is touching on gnosis can play duality off one another, making choices and staying free deliver the science, the doubt, the fear, the control, all as vice. The only virtue, of which mention must be made to which virtue has little to do with purity of things but of the essence, a question of what, a question of magic, and the question of potential, a fecundity deeper than the most amazing of miracles and the wavering of deliverance.

(Magic)

Texture and continuity pervaded, correlated, corresponded, and before the filmy substance.

Refined and restricted to one or two dark arts a new menu of creamy delicious morsels rotate through the wheel of fortune, tarot card the magician chooses darkness and it is turned to gold. Choice of the human is a bit like a magic power that so long as Eihieh is thought of first then the emanations proceeding will be for the benefit of all of creation, reality epitomized realization of eternal happiness.

It is in the equation that the road that was worn, which now has past will once again be walked and people will balance out and ask of you whatever they must in order to be happy and to walk the golden golden path, through the empty sounds and amidst the derelict, the magician chooses and frees. Vibrations vibrations vibrations vibrations...energy is thought and magic is the science of energy. Any intensity is through embarrassment for a moment and through the passing of sigils.

Emergence is the concept that complex patterns emerge from a multiplicity of simple moves...

Simple perceptions rearrange and proceed to define throughout thought, and thought itself may be rearranged as magic is understood to be an act of change of all perceived phenomena by will, will superstition and disempowerment be dispelled. And with this sentence of introduction. We enter our tale.

OEM...We begin.

(The Doors of Perception)

There is a time and a place, amidst the scintillations and predilections, for a deepening of doorways' perceptions whose theatrics and performances dither and dally about...Sangdoclentine regenerates at an astonishing rate as he lay sitting amidst the characters waylaid by the imaginal horror, whispering at perceptions' edges. The magic drew from the source of the environment, the present moment, and the man was able to piecemeal together perceptions into his parhedros, familiarly sitting at his side, and nurturing the adjustments until full restoration was guaranteed so long as mediation was striven for.

Sangdoclentine stood up, praising gods of magic, beings of magic, and such rife moments as to develop a new sensation of what was to come, a prescience that in the tropes turn night into day, twilight into the witching hour, and worlds into dimensions into savored sanguine nature.

He walked down the street, oscillating between his Aleph and Bet natures, paredros conjoining him in the oscillations themselves, whirled down until the work was down out and Sangdoclentine wrote a story in his imagination that was liked by all and made him happy. To do so now freed him from his likes and his dislikes, and revealed to him a source of urgency into what was noted as Scheherazade told him “not to shit where he ate.”

Chaos and pandemonium ensued as he strolled through the creatures that inhabited his land, and work began and ended in his head. “Nameless” was a meaningless word keyed into stepping into chaos and to become the dark magus of power...to become the deficiency of disbelief there was a ton of new ideas that led him to think that the brilliance and splendor he saw was unreal. He knew otherwise, for to see was to witness a fact, while to judge was what erroneous.

Moments later, doorsteps and aisles of agoraphobic tension later he realized he was what he was, and laughed, dispelling the unnatural tension that was seeking to writhe its way into his work as a setting surrounding his mind’s perceptions...leading him away from some semblance of balance and to the only granting of missing the mark, a deep and dark imbalance.

He said a small prayer to Elegua, to bring him happiness and to relevance amidst the consternation of the folk that found themselves in a dire predicament. Naturally and subtly sneaking forth in indirect paths, came the effusing magic. It behaved as he willed. Magic is Magic, not that magic should be this or that. What he willed was a means to an end...which might make him a bastard of sorts but he couldn’t be sure. Something about being free told him that he was doing the right thing, or at least that right and wrong didn’t matter so much. Free from what, though, he wondered and smiled a deep crescent shaped moon smile in his mind, enchanting a couple of passerby.

Alone he traipsed down the alleyways and the bricks seemingly leapt off the walls of the buildings and gathered about him in a protective barrier, shielding him from the terrors that he knew were there but could not see. Twisted perception had for a long time been a blessing of his, for he knew full well that whatever hid behind the veil of the physical continuum was not something that he had any desire to see beyond what lay in his imaginings.

He crafted a sigil of love and mercy, dedicated to turn any foe into a friend and spoke to the next man he saw, asked where he might find an illusionist of great persuasion and paramount in the quest to learn what sort of transition death would bring for him in his efforts to stay immortal. Death then was never an end, but was merely a choice to be happy, as was the human way, but there was the immortal way that sifted magic into the equation as well.

Sangdoclentine sighed for a minute and thought to himself about magic again; he needed to re-affirm what he had been working on for nigh on an age or an aeon, he couldn’t be sure for how long.

Magic was something that for him, worked very personally, worked in a microcosm of thought and action, and was reflected in the macrocosm of the greater external world, not necessarily any more the world of matter. Everything began and ended with Ehieh, I am, and that was the circle that was synaesthetically “drawn” and represented totality. Unity was a point and symbols were useful to the

extent that they connected the thing represented to the symbol by the mind. Magic was something he talked about and used to squawk when he was younger for he knew that there was something intuitively promising to the way the word and the symbol related to the substance of what was connected. Anymore he just referred to it as his Nameless Art, for he operated outside the bounds of the word itself anymore, and was still safe due to various principles and entities that he struck bargains with.

Munglof being the one with which his emergent techniques were becoming visible, and tangible. The patterns that emerged from nature could be seen as an underlying intelligence. The notion that something supernatural would have to happen is paramount in the equation of life = happiness.

Presenting himself as an elegant gentleman he strolled into a bar, smiling at the bartenders, who appeared as simple humans but which knowledge bespoke a strange and frog-like persona; chimerical creatures could ease into his scintillations through Scheherazade's permission and control. Such creatures could achieve a new sort of fascination and coaxing into further studies and developments into the power of magic.

Sangdoclentine's Bet nature, as shadowy as it may appear, was necessary to walking the world as it was necessary to walking the imagination. Many people who seemed to know Sangdoclentine seemed to think that he lived half a life here, and half a life elsewhere, which was interesting for his paredros had the ability to appear as an angel or a daemon, and though Scheherazade communicated in Otherness and symbols, he was adept at erecting towers or pillars of thought in the subject to help them maintain strength and wisdom of life. Belief was something else entirely.

Scheherazade flickered as a light lattice in the corner of Sangdoclentine's eye and guided him down the perceptions of the other folks, past their conscious hypocritical barrier to their unconscious a place of safety for a sorcerer such as himself, for the unconscious was a realm of his self, multiplicity of nothingnesses and organic sources of raw power, much like the power gained from the atmosphere or environment or the present moment.

"The" "Past is not" "Yet the past" "For the present has not happened yet." Scheherazade spoke to him from the mouths of a number of different people, locally oriented around him.

Something to think on, certainly, Sangdoclentine thought, and sighted a new opportunity in the reflective patron known to the people of America as a god Medea. Some sorceress he knew of who used technologically advanced spell-mirrors to project a great number of different enchantments, illusions, entertainments, and captivations upon people of the public. Right now, Scheherazade was showing him her residing in her room, captivating his attention and expressing a desire to speak with him.

A cryptic message to be sure, but the notion that the sensuous was to be trusted lead him to believe that she had genuine and urgent inquiry through which to speak to him of. He relaxed, for he knew that through past dealings with Medea peace and serenity, a greater calmness always came from the interaction.

He left the bar after waving down his favorite toad of a character to put it on his tab. He would be back soon he felt, again and again he was to return to the frog-people, as a dream had foretold many a night ago, when he had been told he was a frog like person.

(Life)

The dictum of the magus. Scheherazade took off in an explosion of thought that collapsed in on itself in a singularity as it left.

It danced through dimensions and rearranged particles to pass softly into a place deep within the town's motivations and subterfuges. It passed into what was known as the place of Medea. She spoke with him in whispers and sharp glances as was the way that they had agreed upon, to set things up for the upcoming turn of events.

Scheherazade returned to its master.

(Stepping into Chaos and Time)

The young girl sought long and hard for some trinket that would appease her brother whose health was at a low point. He had been taken apart in spirit and mind by some daemon that was going to have to have the attention of a wizard, cleric, or some such soon when her parents could get the finances together for the spell or whatever it was that would make things better.

Delivered into the trance like state, she achieve gnosis without fully understanding what the implications would be that would follow.

“May I help you?” inquired a gentleman, dressed all in black and feathers arranged out of his hat, perched atop his head.

“I am looking for something that will help heal my brother.”

“What is wrong with him?”

“‘Find Munglof, give yourself a chance’ is what he said to me and he has been odd ever since. ”

“Ah, odd?” The man inquired.

“He takes sense out of what I don't know, out of what I do, what I am, and what I think, and revels in them...”

“Additionally, seems to be sensuously connected to your senses...” the man quietly whispered to himself. He thought for a moment and then plucked a soft rose from the shelf. He handed it to the girl.

“Venus protect you and may you see a vision of beauty triumphant.”

“...thanks.” The girl felt compelled to leave and noticed on her way out a lantern near the door, effusing a light that was warm and soft. It showed a sign next to the door, painted with blues and silvers, whites and reds but simple solid colors. She walked home and the sun made its way towards its horizon.

I step into the flow, she thought, imagination emerging between herself and the tree perceived, creating a new route through the maelstrom of thoughts, worries, and cavalcade of turmoiling emotions. Yet there was a change. It reflected anew the words that he’d spoken. “Vision of Beauty Triumphant” she realized that the words were to be treated with respect...that new paths were opening up and her simple reaction with the gentlemen would set her aright.

An act of kindness.

Jubilantly she felt herself climb into the loft to deliver the flower to her brother. She arrived home, and grabbed a glass for water to put the rose in. She one-handed climbed the loft and set the cup next to the bedside of her brother. She looked at him sleeping.

His breathing was soft. Light from the window was shown by the dust hovering around his head, and she was aware that it was from a lamp from the street. It flickered, in her mind.

“Brother, brother, wake up.”

He awoke. When he looked upon the dust illuminated he felt every particle in a diamond shaped crystal point of ease in his body. He awoke. This time he saw his sister.

“Hey sis,” he smiled.

“Feeling better?”

He nodded, yawned, rolled over and took a sip out of the glass, now, out of the water.

(Reveling in the Senses of Others)

Back at the bar, A Wicked Tune, Sangdoclentine rerouted Medea’s charm to facilitate the workings of further emotions, nameless arts, perceptual nodes, various codes. The archetype diminished slightly in favor of Riquita, a composer that was singing a melody about the use of the voice to hide within things secrets that could turn the line between banality and boredom. It was a various much essential song and Sangdoclentine reveled in the work that she was doing, various mis-cantrips going awry to be inflected properly in the mind of the hierophant.

The eye, Sorath, known colloquially as Thagirion reflected the substance of the tree outside, reaching up to the windows slowly, leaves browning. Surely to fall at the end of the season?

They wondered down the street in various guises, always eyes and I’s ‘is...Words reflect a certain medium, Sangdoclentine knew and facilitated great releases in tension, combined with time. Time and such feared the building of the pyramid, a collapsing of the world. Building a pyramid was a old act,

and viewed hermetically, could be done to reveal an entity of immense power, capable of causing time to halt.

How was a pyramid built? Sangdoclentine wondered.

(Coincidence Travel)

“Fake it till you make it” Reiterated the man in the earth tone clothes, as Scheherazade was out achieving its master’s will. Young woman, traveling books. The entity chuckled, or did as close to it as it could, the surrounding oddiments toppling and the fans whirring, the lights flickering, and the ghosts shivering.

It would be no matter for Sangdoclentine’s parhedros to achieve its balance of modesty, mercy and “love” which was happiness for its master. The magus knew what he had to do.

“Turn around the next turn and you’ll be...” the creature chewed on the words and found itself back in company of the being that was Bramble-Colt’s Foot. A man, Ivan, and an imaginary tree, the being meditated on peace and calm for the trembles of not getting lost, and of being forced to reorient (him)self in stylistic fashion to the Englishly oriented fluctuations, demonstrating that the english words could be simplified for him down to the concept of “Everything begins and ends with the breath, Ehieh Ain Soph.” True name of a benevolent and chartreuse colored energy that was sourced from an ancient being constructed in the staff that the magus had stored in his place. Chackrals cached in ink upon the surface, marking a nexus between an ancient nameless practise and another nameless practise.

THOTH pervades in this timeless space, and reached outside of by a Breath and a spell, to a calmness...

(People Wonder What I Do)

“Paraphrase and rearrange, orchestrate, the dancing of the letters and the numbers. Let it all get squared away, for the day is well on its way. This work will reach all who need it took, spoken of things and written of thoughts, in a archaic-high-urban way. All the keys are yours, to stamp and walk, do and dance, amidst the doors... Walking through the hope restored, to a vantage point where the coin falls up from an open hand, step into and illustrate my land. So vast and emotional, filled with empathic feelings that people are going to be ok and that everything is wine-fine.

This is but a thought in the schemata of things and a various chaotic calamity is building into a night of fun, squared away through the meetings of friends in celebration. This meeting will resolve all confusions and the woman will be reunited in a hermetic sense with her Sangdoclentine.

Isis may become the angel in a moment of union... Pretend you don’t see her.

I write my world into being, and chappy friendness is more than in the equation.

People downstairs often do come upstairs and people do rearrange and change, orient parable into

the communication, to achieve and ask. Give space for Elegua. Sacred Child of Atocha.

Bless this house and those within.
Bless our giving and receiving.
Bless our words and conversation.
Bless our hands and recreation.
Bless our sowing and our growing.
Bless our coming and our going.
Bless all who enter and depart.
Bless this house, your peace impart.

Volition, courage, silence, and knowledge are the pillars to the Temple of Solomon. A gesture among the people alert them to the presence that magic is in the air...that they are among greatness. Too the gesture symbolizes a knocking at the world of the Magi. They careen obliquely around the sensuous experiment navigating a working order for the appearance of the fool is but a symbol for the magus of great power.

A young woman, beautiful in spirit and for who she is, is met and fulfillment is attained.”

(The Yellow Brick Road)

The vibrations were perceived by the man whose theriomorphic atavism purveyed in perception around the aura of hisself. He awoke in 2015 to find himself in a custodial position with what were known amongst the common folk of North American culture as aliens. To the magician they were simply other entities through which to work and through which to achieve illumination of various methods of working with nature, of working with spirits, of working with elementals, daemons, angels, Thrice Great Magi, and gods. Inevitable crossed your path and its lesser creatures worked their influences upon a person to deliver great healing, mediation and performance techniques told unto the great being that was seeking to make a change in the world.

The path crossroaded in awareness, a breath of elemental rock and earth, intellect and sword, cup and water-sea and emotion, and finally energy is fire. Separate the subtle from the gross.

Archived in mind, the magus set out to re-work his manifold expression, granting truth in arcanum to the subtle. The Eismesmer, totaled out the bill due to the magician from the frogs and resolved the situation, dispensing knowledge in the form of the open-manifold void-leaper technique.

A mask placed upon the shapeshifter granted dualities a power of construction, depending upon what one wished to perceive, and should one fear that one has perceived too much, always remember the trick of the light. There only needed to be 3. Instead everything that begins and ends it all, the breath, Ehieh Ain Soph, spoke of the light. Gnostic Archon plans in the get-go there is a wisdom of one thing becoming many things and for the Bramble-Colt creature that was in the realm of Sangdoclentine, separated from matter by coincidence, apoptosis, a collapse of items in focus in one place and the items of a connected nature to yield a result.

Apophusis was reality making a feint at ever possible thing it could do. Apophasis was similar to a quantum weirdness. What does not happen may still affect what does happen. These three concepts from The Apophenion, a Chaos Magic Paradigm, written by a Peter J. Carroll. It spoke of a system of physics derived from where fiction and fact meet, in an adjustment of peculiars again, sourced from the great Ehieh Ain Soph.

A science, the art merged together to give a tenuous fabrication that was merely illusion, a fact, but to judge based on it was the erroneous action, questing forth in ever growing assumptions when there was really only a question of Self as a source of movement and vibration. Deeper within the vibrations were the Sacred Ehieh.

From this frog-people, sitting below the turtles and the snakes were a disc moving back and forth, a two of discs, changing back and forth, reiterating the ease through which everything worked.

A raven shape changed into a man and told history in a waylaid effect of his being. He simply wanted to strike a bargain.

“Turn a book into me...” it said, and looking into its eyes there was a life and intelligence there that many people mistook for an evil. But good service was to be rendered by the birds. Bird-Book written in a series of intonations the creature reveled in its establishing order.

A Demodrad made its way into the vicarious movements of cells and self, piece-meal perceptions rearranged amidst the thought and inspiration of a bygone age, something that one can only recognize if she was truly to be avaricious in nature, again a theriomorphic atavism for the lion-headed recreational chimerical leisurely activity that could only be supplicated by ancient forms of primal rutting...

It had just been dispelled from a little host, by the numen of all hosts. The way to win, it had said, was to come away with a great story. The Demodrad knew that it was being played, and was incited. Some universal principle acting as a shapeshifter was the only obstacle that stood between itself and a naturally river-like power, and though its wings were dread shades of red and one read many meanings in them as does a deck of wheel-cards...a book as old as time itself, and through which taught the teachings of fear that time had of the pyramids.

This creature knew the element of what it took to create a pyramid. It set out in dire notations to rearrange the spectacted age, to return the dream to a black-land, and time knew its actions were being worked out. Even time fears its own end...spoken to the Damodred in thought and it conjoined in imagery, altercating its own face with a minor effort of will...to change into a watcher over the pyramids.

(A Psychedelic Fantasy)

The beat goes OEM at the gathering in the town...New visual styles and arrangements told fast an element of magic that was to change Sangdoclentine's Aleph self into the right person, and to know that the celebration was to be in total a great success.

The visual aesthetic of the air was light and mixture of green and chaos, black and land. The wheel turned. Admit a tone of victory, at the Beauty Triumphant and the people danced in a delight that far outweighed their efforts that could not be for anything and the success of the spell was at last realized.

Hair long and dark, raven like and feathers in the hair, greens and blues and dyes of various colors running down her side and through her...there was a beauty that bespoke a soul as essential and fulfilling as the potential of some arcanum.

A game known as the numen-era was being played amidst the celestials and the animals of the mundane world, and the atavisms that were derived from the people were merely there to stimulate the arcane techniques of a attraction-like primitivism. Edge of the Circle Books are towards the wayside of the city of Seattle and the tokens and charms, the elevations and the mention of the words are the ways in which the totems themselves grant power, channeled through their iconoclastic natures the men hid in the shadows waiting until their untold leader led the circles towards a revolution of sorts that tied together in the sounds of the room, upon the reading, and upon the caricatures that one another drew in time with the collapsing, to yield the result. The means was to an end.

A game of dungeons and dragons was in play. The game was old.

Another game was played about chimerical monsters and artistic creations, that could influence the Awakening. Sleepers pervaded the realm where people did not go to see the evocations of the principles in action, but instead remained happy in their ignorance of the space created for the synarchy.

Mage: the only game to be played.

Chess was for angels.

(Scheherazade's Horns)

The characters themselves, seem to move and to twist. The times that separate letters stood in a reversal of all the orders that had been established before it. The end of the world had been written about, read and experienced by Sangdoclentine. There was nothing to fear there, in the ending of the dream. The magic was to be transmuted as it was always in the days of old to permeate the beginning of a new time. This time there would be company aplenty for this lonely mage.

The days grew into a tree that bespoke of different clocking systems that were residual influences from an age of magic that was long gone but that there were vestiges remaining. These remnants were located in a town just outside the main sequestering of cities that had arisen after the fall of magic.

The ruins, dubbed Ein Soph, practiced a perpetual motion that derived from nighttime and day mixing again and again for something that was known as the Aegis. The motion was distortion to behold, much in the same way that doubt influenced humans in the world where they existed alone by themselves. In this land, Sangdoclentine knew, he alone held keys to power untold of and to use them was to know happiness.

The keys were glass-like in their appearance, called tiles, and were drawn upon ancient symbols that survived the Aegis along with him. He knew people could use them as he did, but did not fret. People did not understand the way that magic worked, and that was his key to untold wonders.

Inverted notions perpetuated themselves as influences that drove closer and closer to home. The layout of Ain Soph was a collection of ten buildings that were semi-circle and wound about in a curved sliver, much like what would be witnessed in the Old World should the moon have a crescent form to it. The moon however, was gone, as was the sun. The only source of what was known as l'ight came from Ain Soph and delivered its roundabout journey unto the people of Sangdoclentine's village.

The l'ight had many tones, many shapes, many colors, many moons and many people found themselves wandering about in the lair of some great malfluence, unaware that what they were going to do was to commit the ultimate error. It was the night of the times when creatures both hideous and potent in their ways emerged and told the language spoken that it was incorrect in its formation. A new language was learned instantly by Sangdoclentine through the arts nameless and he was able to rearrange perception and thought to realize his desires.

Sensuously emerged from the visions a sherub. It remained until the end, living happily all the while. In this reality* the people lay about and enjoyed sun and a sort of solace in their work, returning to their families that time after the time of work, and enjoyed the art of living.

People came to seek the l'ight of the sherub. It had been bestowed with a new influence that was to spread across Sangdoclentine's land and tell of wonders that were plain before the sights of the people, when they could not see.

Narvals, creatures that hid in the l'ight's absence, sourced too from Ain Soph-Sangdoclentine's balance, that he created for the authenticity of a breed of creature that he sought would reflect the greatness of the Aegis.

Narvals moved in and out of the the resolute, the way that the diamonds had amongst the fishmongers and Shekhinah, an obsidian symbol remained hanging in the air amongst Ain Soph, invisible to all but Sangdoclentine and maintained the balance in a perfect lattice of the emerging l'ight and absence of the l'ight.

(Shekhinah)

Shekhinah Shekhinah Shekhinah it invoked itself again and again, three times it concentrated on its own name. Happiness effused into the surrounding lands and Sangdoclentine found himself no longer without company. A being that was resplendent with what was known as charms and fascinations accompanied him, visible and continually at his side. It was cloaked in l'ight, hermetic principles fairy stories, and arcane knowledge...

Tell me a story, it whispered to him, in counselor tone.

“You wouldn’t believe me Medea-Shekhinah-Scheherazade.” Sangdoclentine spoke out loud. “You wouldn’t believe me.”

Try me.

(In the Time of Enchantment and Choices)

There was a blackness, that needed to be freed. It lay within each and every person residing in Sangdoclentine’s land as a dark seed. Black magic was, and choice was what would set it free into white magic.

Seeing is different than what you heard, was different when you asked the question “What?” was different than when you asked the question “Why?” which had more of a theological question or oration to it, whereas what

We all have a innate knowing that freeing ourselves of black magic programming is what we need to accomplish.

We all have a innate knowing that freeing ourselves of black magic “programming” is what we need to accomplish.

The above “programming” is a metaphor of course. But the spoken and the written word can create a magic that sets free. A nameless art is that of choosing. What do you choose?

I chose perception, I chose happiness, I chose magic, I chose white magic, I chose healing magic, and to heal are to request of the gods and the goddesses, if that is their preferred method of endearment. Love is the key to all doors. Choice is the choosing to go there and be happy where you have chosen, the magic released. I chose I as well as “Eye,” seeing with Ain Soph, the wonderful human imagination.

At the core a priori assumption is the bedrock and grounding axiom that you will not have to experience anything you don’t have to. This too is my choice. I also choose now not to experience anything I don’t want to, and will too. It’s at times like a muscle, always oscillating and fluctuating but too it is the bedrock of my being. That too I choose.

(Travels through Ein Soph)

Netzach is a building that breathes a breath in time with a human breath, and in fact with each breath of each human that happens to be inside of it. It is the “present” and as such explains its neighboring building Hod.

Hod is a vast library, full of books on how to read, books to read, and time to read, to think and to intellectualize. It is a place where a zone of paradox may be created where, paradox does not affect anything and balance, the building of Tiphareth may be seen. Though the act of seeing is more explored in Shekhinah. For it is reflected in Keter.

Binah is a building that fleshes out what one knows and is influenced through the wise actions, though actions themselves are more explored in Shekhinah. Binah also is a building where the breathes last much longer, a low and churning gurgling, helping to strengthen the influence of the experience that takes place for the individual, Sangdoclentine. The image of a cherub can be seen here on the door to the building though it is colored much more sanguinely purple. The cherub itself resides inside the building Tiphareth with its Aleph aspect. It was safe and happy and would be till the ends of days.

Sangdoclentine himself worked on developing a timing system that would work for him to work in harmony with all the the Ain Soph. He restored Ma'at this way, and knew she always had his back.

Will he placed in a manifold expression in Keter. Working together harmony, through another expression in Tiphareth, partially where this book was written. Other times it was written in Netzach, expressing everything as an intuitive grounding sensation. Redirected to fulfill itself it would be written in Keter, a dolen resplendent building of white. Marble in color but in feel it was entirely of something that alone the will was.

In Netzach was found the home and the hearth, a place where oddities could be arranged to symbolically express things, of which through the teachings of Hod one came to Binah, through Geburah, a very stern and strict place that demanded dedication and learning to fruition through what was known as the Veil.

(Beyond the Veil)

Sangdoclentine was in one of the towns outside of Ein Soph, a place known as Planician's Portmanteau; it was a nexus of cities that all converged in a singularity-multiverse type of collapse without any of the painful paradoxes that arose when people of differing lands and times came together to celebrate some dream or converse about some political topic that governed the land.

Right now, Sangdoclentine knew, the topic of discussion was the New Daemons, the ones that would herald a shift in the way that the nameless art Sangdoclentine had created. He pulled out a pendulum and watched it swing. Nothing more, just to watch which direction the pendulum swung. It was pulling towards a thought in his mind that he had read of Paracelsus. The ancient Alchemist, surely still alive for all his knowledge on the subject of the immortal elixir, said that "Imagination is the star in man."

The book of the THOTH... was a book with headlines pertaining to the density of the manifestation of whatever it was that a Magus would like to have crystalized.

*Many realities were to be had depending on one's ventures, and granted, they were all real at this point.

Healing in the Desert – A Memoir

In the tradition of the natives to this land, the man had chosen a new name upon venture into the

intensity of the *anima mundi*, the world soul. Like the old America song, “A Horse With No Name” the desert was a place that was out of the rain, and a place where you can remember your name.

So he had to choose his new name, one that would hold throughout the variegation of time's undulations.

What went into this? Well, truth be told it was a wound-become-scar, that was essentially a *healing*. Scars were not wounds, ugly things that affected yourself the rest of your life, but rather signs that healing was taking place, and would one day be fully *healed*. The man knew this because it was told to him by another, Tanner Sack, whom had been met upon the man's travels.

“The ocean is a desert with its life underground,” he sang softly to himself, piecemeal in his memories of that old song, due to the stage of his experience within *his* life amidst the world soul. “...and a perfect disguise above.”

The man who called himself Sangdoclentine understood the single creative life-force that was underlining the universe, the stars, the trees, humans, and too every story was a working out of this life-force. The land where reality and unreality met was in the mind of himself, among others too - undoubtably, and his prescribed *illness* was something that he was overcoming in the taking of his new name. This story too is a hypersigil, a sigil or sign that extends through the fourth dimension to allocate the energies and workings of this man, whom had spent long enough amidst the books and tomes seeking knowledge and power, love and happiness therein.

The Fourth Dimension, the Astral Realm, or the Dreaming

Sangdoclentine ventured forth through nightmare and visitation of uncouth form, entity after entity of disparaging shadow seeking to waylay and reroute his certainty into a whirlpool of astral flotsam and jetsam that would send him into a circular pattern for nigh on a hundred years. He avoided it, after having encountered one of a lesser degree in the “past.”

It was a visage of Kookyangso'wuuti...Spider Grandmother, a sipapu, that was there to lead the people, and Sangdoclentine himself, on his own, into the next phase of the world.

Why was this? He wondered...and finally felt the tetrapolar qualities, known too to the natives of this land, as *fire, water, air,* and finally *earth*. In that order, the Great Mystery provided a Cowboy with a way through the tensions of what he had known, and through to the next phase of the world.

Why was this? Sangdoclentine wondered and finally realized that one could continually ask this question and that it was not conducive to the *healing*.

He swam through the appearance of visions, brought on by the tobacco pipe he had tried in lush company of a group of people that had appeared as friendly and of goodly nature. That was their trick though, this beguiling *appearance*, while it may have substance upon first glance was surely an evil thing.

The way to escape their clutches? Yet this was a Mystery, upon which he bargained with them to allow them what they desired, his happiness, upon the agreement that he would be happy by their credence.

It was a high price to pay, and in the monotheistic tradition bespoke of damnation and the farthest thing from healing, but Sangdoclentine knew that were he to have any chance at healing this, to-this-point unhealed wound, he would have to agree to the spirits' ways.

And she came to speak with him through thought and wind, through desire and concern, kindness and care. She spoke to him of what he desired, of what he *had* desired and what he had chosen years ago. She was not sinister, though appeared so, and would remind him “But you are free,” and that was all he needed to be free of what was, what had been in the past and what he was beholden to.

She appeared to him, in much the same *way*, but in difference of appearance and testament. She promised nothing, for her commitment lay amidst another's essence, but did appreciate Sangdoclentine, and found him very meaningful and important.

This was all the paredros needed, left and rearranged creation due to the Great Mystery's will, and secured the togetherness of who was now Sangdoclentine with his Choice, Charm & Cheer!

“See my land, rah rah rah rah. See my land, rah rah rah rah” Sang Sangdoclentine, awash with thoughts of rhyming clocks in time.

The Fifth World

A nine to five job, car and a house, debt immeasurable, the American Way. “Living the Dream.” Colloquialisms and adventures. Tropes for certain. This is non-fiction, bordering on transcending the way to *feel time*. While there may be vestiges of this “narrative” that seem untrue, the fact of the matter is that it may just be incredibly hard to believe.

But this exegesis of the Wound of the individual is not to be taken lightly, for there is a great deal of medicine in this style of writing.

What medicine? It sounds like a story that is for little kids, for sure, but amidst the turns are gates. Through these gates are places told of only in literature, and through the *Imagination*...

“What you contemplate, you touch. What you enter into in imagination, you make yourself one with”- Dion Fortune

The western esotericists had such understandings as the natives, and those that took place in the minds and hearts of the people were to be forever assuaged when they encountered their sipapu.

This was the thing about an apotheosis, or the prosopopoeia...Sangdoclentine was a created man, by a real man in America, not the song per se, but the America that was known as a country amidst the world, on Planet Earth. Sangdoclentine was medicine for the individual who had created him, and allowed him to traverse reality, to re-created reality as he saw fit, and to be happy in his own way. This

did not exclude the happiness of others, rather unbelievably exonerated them as beatifically touched.

No Tricks Necessary

This was an adage of the natives. At least that is what the rhetoric of memes and the internet portrayed, to the visitation that was now grounded in this place of work. Charm & Cheer was all around, and to live without her, well...was a choice as well, but did not grant one an experience of wonder that the average must live without. Was the price worth it? There was no "price" monetarily, and to ask oneself what would one do had one the ability of having love-life, financial security, house and home, Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs etc. covered?

Would one venture forth into the infinite and come back a wiser man? Would one strike a bargain with one's own shadow that would grant freedom from gravity as long as the shadow could go where one wished? Would one learn the process for literally making gold? Would one remain free? Would one pursue happiness?

Sangdoclentine, I must advise, that you get on with it and dilly your delay no longer. There *is* a woman, not merely a spirit that is with you, and waiting on you to do what is necessary that you are together as the Great Mystery intended.

The Order

The number three came from one and two, following their togetherness it emerged from the need to balance the two, and provide a choice, four followed this choice, and lo the created physical.

When walking through the desert, the adventurer Sangdoclentine bespoke spirit, soul and physical. As was mentioned in the beginning of this non-fiction piece was the song, that you can remember your name.

True this suggested a wound, for no adventurer went a travelin' to no urge other than himself. The story remained the same, however, for those that resided in this Fifth World, and for there to be any credibility one must reflect on the recent political upheavals, from the perspective of the democratic party, that were brought about by the election of Donald Trump, businessman extraordinaire. True others would describe him as much less savory than having a literal turd put in one's mouth and told to hold it there for the duration of the presidency.

There were certain parallels to the appearance of this unsavory, indeed Devilish, character and the appearance of Sangdoclentine's own self, that bespoke Wound.

Charm & Cheer, however had other intentions, and would pursue a healing of this self-made god-man, so that his resolution would begin immediately in his healing and progress forth into the living of his life. The most advantageous aspect of this intention that was known about by Sangdoclentine, reassured him as the peace of the desert did to the horse with no name.

Freedom

Sangdoclentine voluntarily, now, stepped into the sipapu, knowing it for what it was. Oft times it was as important as what was not said, not thought, and not done, that made the difference in achieving the will of the Great Mystery. Through the narrative thus inscribed in this book, the unknowns have become powerful, and the inclinations that the initially appearing friendly, then evil, now once again benevolent spirits were trusted to guide this man, Sangdoclentine unto his destination.

Whose Hallucination?

To believe in your own was to invite madness, and to believe in others was called religion. The understanding of this allowed the avatar known as Sangdoclentine to take part in both, balancing and reframing the term hallucination with vision, with meaning and direction, with energy, and finally with inspirational truth.

It was the work of some magician, himself a part of this at times connected entity that through arts and ways of life would heal the individual who sought after the Way. It was through imagination...at times, and others it was through my ability to sift through details.

Devil's in the details goes the colloquial expression, and truth be told – the truth should make you smile, upon encountering it. If it did not then there was only a beckoning on to discover a more personally relevant truth.

David Abram, an accomplished sleight-of-hand magician, wrote a book called the *The Spell of the Sensuous* that discusses a subtle dependance of human cognition upon the natural environment.¹ Why should I care about these things, I wonder.

An understanding of rhetoric, a penchant for storytelling, and experiences aplenty leave this author, a known magician, with a strong desire to write and share that he might be understood, and share a degree of intensity of these experiences. With gates through which the body receives the nourishment of otherness being: the eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, and the sense of touch, I have ventured down these...perceptual pathways into an ecosystem of literature. The light lattices have turned me inwards upon myself, to my friend's and families joy, through my own sense of fear, and through which that which may named Nameless appears as a miracle.

Understanding a multitude of different clocking systems: one for the duration of an inhalation and an exhalation, one for the intensity of *the* moment through which fear and adrenaline pump through the body to deliver a seemingly slowed down perception of what was going on – say a biker crossing the street to the terror of a speeding driver who is forced to slow down for fear of killing the biker, one that is a *sense* of passing time – a lens of which may be compared to that of the Moon viewing the Earth, a duration of a single day and a single night, a duration of a lifetime of an individual, then the duration of a species, then an ecosystem...a planet, and finally the universe.

Through all this time one may step outside, or rather step *into* eternity.

I say this once, here at this point in the memoir: it is as important what is *not* said or done, as what is said and done, that contributes to the achievement of my will - to be happily married.

While the tea sits, steeping, and the dog sits, chomping, there is an awareness that it is my Birthday. My wish is for my Other, known to accompany me throughout my life in the form of a *familiar*, or *paredros*, to be as a woman that I have come to know. My love for her is sincere, and complete. My consternation is of course with her choice. I believe her choice is to be with me, as I choose to be with her, yet do not perceive that she is able *yet*.

A Later Point in Time

We are together, as has been desired. The ease through which it has been accomplished has to do with realizing my *ability to* phase shift and traverse an eternity. My past diagnosis of Schizeoffective Disorder with Bipolar type prognostics good, affects the current situation of producing an energy equated with the preparation. This involves a separation of components in readiness for a *new* unification, one between the two of us.

The virtue of reading and being exposed to a vast ecosystem of literature has led the two of us together through shared experiences, through mutual musical interests, and through mutual activity interests, through mutual literary interests and through a banishment of an entity that has the description of “obsession with the created.”

The fallibility of Science is elucidated through the ignoring of the creator with the created. This entity, Choronzon, is banished as all is banished through laughter.

Comedy, or Laughter of the Gods

“Imagination is the star in man” - Paracelsus.

Upon this path is a feeling. The feeling began as an ill one and has been transmuted unto a positive one. The outcome : increasing ease of attaining a lasting happiness for the Family and Friends Who are dear.

I make time for Charm & Cheer. Tired as I am of having to consult and to research, to notate and to cite sources, I feel that it is sufficient that I am able to do so, not that it entices my audience to be entertained in such a fashion.

Hypersigil “Letttttgo!”

She who was chosen, and was not to be the One for me. He who was toxic. The arrangement of these letters in this manner will foretell a freeing of Sangdoclentine and his charge from the memories that resurface again and again, to teach to the author that there *is* an *ability to* that resides within him, and the rearranging of those famed English letters to spell out this spell, free the man Colter, from the black magic programming hitherto constraining him from being with his Choice who has ultimately Chosen him...Cheer & Charm be had! This only need be written and contained in this exegesis, as it was written.

Hypersigil “Matryoshka Dolls”

They are full of themselves. My mother had a set of Charlie Brown ones, containing Snoopy, Linus, the Christmas Tree, and Woodstock. They were immensely cute little fellows, little chubs that could grant wishes as any genii could, as any such Faerie creature could, such as Parthindalé.

Water or liquid may be impregnated with a wish, and the requirement that it be chilly or cold could grant a further magnetic attraction as is its tetrapolar quality. Fire is electric. Air is neutral, and Earth is electric-neutral-magnetic.

The previous literacy goes to show an embellishment of a *flow* of creative energy. I myself know of no other place that provides the meta-awareness necessary for self-healing than that of the desert.

Sangdoclentine hummed, an innate ability of human beings, and while he professed to be an apotheosis of the man known as Colter, he was doing the work necessary that would make this exactly what he wanted. Nothing but fun, unto the end.

Hypersigil “Paisley Amoeba”

Down the steps back into the room, whereby the author typed away at his computer to write the necessity of the peyote medicine experience. The dry, prickly cactus swept by, hoisted through mind and memory to disperse the dross, or rather the negentropy - cooperative or moral instincts, provided a modicum through which allegory and metaphor could be ignored and that dead and decaying matter could be...transmuted, through an ancient mental practise.

Memories of Warfare

Standing in the pit in the ruins outside the little town of Pecos, a native tribe that had lived, perhaps not so long ago, and made a way of life in their greatest attempts to be at peace with the waging circumstances of the “world” around them.

Sangdoclentine vested great interest in his perceptions of the Navajo notion of multiple worlds. Much like a modern day physicist informing of a great number of *possible* worlds, as was the appearance of such a concept in philosophy was a notion that there must be a truth to these, having been speculated and tested and experimented with in their own particular modalities...a truth, not *The* truth necessarily but, perhaps, potentially.

It was wise to consult a multiplicity of different sources upon a particular point of view. He had only heard that from one source, musing he frowned.

The vestiges of what he knew must be spirits were lingering, in their own way, his guess was that they never truly left this area, and because of the sipapu, he wondered and experienced a moment when he became aware that they never left the *era*. An epoch.

The Esotericon

Memories of studies of this book surfaced and coalesced, drifted and floated, sifting and sorting...other

emotions and thoughts, in their cytoskeletal-arranging as a ribosome might float through the cytoplasm...bouncing of the recollection that Sangdoclentine had agreed with something. At some small, minuscule point, probably not when he thought anything would arise of it, but certainly out of desperation he had done so.

An agreement, with something he would not name, for superstition had worked to oft in the past for him not to trust his own instinct while using the experience of “writing,” - “righting” - to *feel* Kronos, Chronos, the Zeitgeist, or what have you.

Still his agreement with, what he would call the Crawling Chaos, was lush at this point in its offerings. He hesitated, then took something small. Something not of what he perceived was expected by the entity.

It was a notion that to write, to speak, or to read upon an apparition, a visitation, or a vision, was embarrassing and foolish, to be dismissed by the sciences as a delusion, no matter the persistence of their occurrences throughout history...

Sangdoclentine settled into his plushly perceived chair and lidded his mind from all the worries of the day and from all the turbulent unsettling nodules that moved about beneath the surface...egregores that housed much power, *despite their apparent lack of it*, and could in a moment entice into his experience his deepest desires, untold riches and attention from the right people. The period of his life that he was in was that the Zeitgeist was part and parcel to his functioning familiar, and the sands shifted, as a memory slithered across them, washing away a great duress that the present moment sought to waylay him with.

Chaos magic was a term, one of those egregores that supervened upon Sangdoclentine's little universe, top-down, as the process of abstraction was fully illustrated in his copy of Korzybski's *Science & Sanity*, 3rd edition...untold wonders lay in those that thought to describe their reality.

Reality, Sangdoclentine chuckled, was the title of another tome, written circa the turn of the millennium, A.D. Of Yehoshua. Somehow these entities had found him and sought to appease him with a promise of something that *was* an illusion. Sangdoclentine knew that and could instill this awareness upon the host he was attached to.

That would serve no purpose, however he realized. His host was weak from doing work that was comparable to Atlas holding a heaven above him aloft that it should not fall.

Sangdoclentine sighed, and left his little visitation, fulfilling the role of savior by instilling his host with agency that would achieve his heartfelt desire.

I Remember the Air

I turned the page of the *Spell of the Sensuous* to the last chapter, before the Coda, and read a passage of serene nature-speak through the arranged letters of Lame Deer, Seeker of Visions.

Such a reading felt right, and I must confess at this point, my heritage.

The Sun, Moon, and Mars are all in the 2nd House, as well as Leo. Mercury and Venus are both in Libra, in the 3rd House. Neptune, Ouranos, and Saturn are all in House Six, as well as Sagittarius. Ascendant in Pisces, and Chiron and Jupiter in Gemini – House 12. Only planet above the Horizon is Jupiter it seems.

Perhaps this explains everything, to me it is only serving as some form of unfolding narrative that I am part of, A Book, through which God is all imagination, and other things, spoken about with such fervent emotion as to express my blabbing inclinations, my American Mythology, and my essential part in remaining free.

This country is my foundation, and beneath that perhaps a rock thrown today that hits something in Resh yesterday.

Agreements had been made, between entities far beyond my comprehension, and efficacy in effecting change, held at times most dear, proved strenuous beyond compare in achieving the union with my Other, my diminished choice. Charm & Cheer!

Then there was my other sense of sleight-of-hand, turned performer and storyteller. The ease through which to captivate an audience for a long period of time was innate in my sorceries. I spent a great deal of time, dreams-lengths in the desert amidst an civilization that proposed free-commerce, gift-giving and good will towards all men. The spirits took care of me, and guided me through any danger to an encounter of wonder that not even the most jaded could ignore.

Terms - words, began to surface and were spoken and written down in efforts to communicate the intensities of particular moments, or a particular moment, and to create the life that I wished most.

I get exactly what I want. This sentence, this particular bit of rhetoric may sound damning, however brings the most happiness to me in the darkest of times. Regardless of the source of it, though in truth it was Ramtha, there was a thought created by my brain and remembered, creating thus my mind, the fabric of life-consciousness, and energy or the capacity *to* work taken in through those gates.

But perhaps not. Perhaps was the case that they were taken in by the *Other* senses. The true name of life is happiness, True. But we must further nurture our small business by reading that Coda...On Turning Inside Out.

I have found it interesting since being here in the Desert of New Mexico, just outside the North and South San Ysidro communities, Ilfeld, to awaken from slumber to recall dreams whereby my astral form is in similitude, or perceived sympathy, to my resting physical form.

So too during the twilight moments, doors open and synaesthetic-unified-perceptions unfurl and a radio

may be playing, suggesting that it's all might be *magic*, while a greater voice in my imagination is heard as clearly as someone speaking during previous experiences, saying “Now Everyone Breathe Out,” the house shuddering, and the cars driving by all at once as I personally exhale the air in the body.

Yoga – Union

At a crossroads, I sip upon this salient cup of hot chocolate, a confection devoted to a Goddess, Apophenia, birthed circa 2006. Her patterns incline one to perceive patterns that others do not, that *are* useful, meaningful, or beautiful.

Her door opened to the Otherworld, courage is required to make time or courage, making time *often* requires courage...

So I sit, in this Land of Enchantment, analyzing my thoughts to a degree that I can reframe them into a positive more lasting experience, not their impudent minute urges that seek to wrest control from me, unless I myself let go and drift through the air, the sands, down the gully's river or what have you.

Drawing upon a modern day nation of Magi, for I am *one* of the Magi, and my Other too - she is a Magi, I am an Agent that values activity in the present. Terence McKenna, ethnobotanist of the 60's and 70's psychedelia era, America, stated that you must “find the others.”²

So too, do I find this in my Liber LS...³ Magick is mine's, and yours', birthright, and it has the desire to play.

Marbles

Placed particularly, they of the fiery natures bespeak language – creation. One founded of the individual's self exploration through Yoga, union, and beyond duality, where at first appearances notate the fear of losing oneself *in* Self.

This fear may be real, but the danger need not be.

Last night, the 14th of December, 2016 I dreamt of my Birthday, and awakening – later, was aware that I must currently be astral projecting to a time and space where I am in company with my Mother. We are doing Christmas shopping, and boring though the dream was I could not but imply a great meaning to the particular *way* that it had revealed itself to me.

I had set up the conditions to have it, for its composition was of a man playing a guitar, and of an can of beer. Prior to the dream I was receiving input that I should go easy on myself, for the strain that I had endured was great and is cause for the writing of this Lyric Essay. The setting, New Mexico, is important to the accomplishment of the healing and though it takes time I know I am healed.

My wound is the experience of being single in a world where I know that I am in relationship with my soulmate, a woman whom I will spend the rest of my days, happy, with.

I Looked Into the Mirror

And what I saw was a woman named Chandra, first, then myself, and finally a woman named Kristen.

The latter woman I have realized had arranged an agreement that I had no desire to take part in, yet did, perhaps unknowing of the consequences or unknowing of what drew me to Chaos was hope.

When a time comes that Magick will be uttered no more, perhaps the term that shall be used by me is *dreamshift*.⁴

The Sigillum Dei Aemeth was crafted by me and worn as a necklace that reminds me, in my current dimension(s) of space, time, dreaming-vision, realm of spirits and their continual activity due to the amount of energy and vibration show potential for great and easy healing in the 9th dimension (Amazonian Shamanic Map) of unity.

I linked Ellis to my feeling of relaxation, to my feeling of being healed in my mind, and to my feeling of being wed to a woman of my own, and to me to her own. I linked Ellis to the web of life-consciousness-fabric of reality.

The Feelings

Having lived in Bellingham, Washington I have oft times traversed the street Ellis, chuckling to myself about having a daughter and having her first name be Ellis, and her middle named Dee, after the famed John Dee, studious of Enochian communication.

Now that I look at those moments I cannot but feel that my imagination has awakened and that I have been able to reconcile a great positive influence in the form of a paradox, merely by focusing on myself.

Of course there are feelings and a willingness to help others and to think of others in efforts to assist them in making this feeling a reality for them.

Magick Is Real, Now Animate

Feeling time pass, the momentum built, desire understood, and cigs bought, I flew to be with my woman.

A Doll's House

There is a house, in a place
And a man whose hands,
are made of sand.
And a woman whose hands are the
spendthrift that her husband needs.

And he speaks in sand, he says
“I must confess, your confectioner
visits must stop, or I’ll find them out.”
And we know that he is just another Roderick Burgess.

Sandman will find his wife out.
And her end will be bloody and wholesome.
Ancient mysteries will bloom forth
like fireworks on July Fourth.

For seventy years sand will litter that place.
The house will hold reasons,
Summers, winters, and autumn seasons.
And he won’t live forever, that Roderick Burgess.

The sound of her wings,
as the boys play ball,
are all, that will be listened to.
Words, many but so few, are all he has.

Sand

On the lips, I touch the Bread,
Singing silently in my head,
of dangers and darkneses,
thieves and adulteresses.

She cares for me,
in places too many for my imagination,
Her simple, well founded creation
of a violin and a red Fiddler’s Green.

Her beating is soundless, and creating
a callous on my creed of dreams.
The music that I play,
is far too dangerous as fey.

The “almosts” and the “togethers”
let her know of her feathers.
Whispering and hoping for

something.

Stealing life and singing silently
of a place together with Memory,
Dream, Thought, and eccentricity.
They all close all doors, and songs.

Niko, magician and
riddles a sphinx for a meal,
Sefer serious, he chuckles at its foolishness,
treating tomorrow like today, he guesses.

Aether physics at play in a game of
metaphysics and gold and white,
cards of love and of spite
are shuffled right on time.

[Embassies and emblems fight endlessly ,
ceaselessly, and tiredly]

The carnelian glows orange and red
filling the room with dread.
See a carpet of many woven colors,
many woven fabrics, and many woven realities.

Here he says yes, she says no,
Today he dies, tomorrow she flies,
Together, the Magician thinks.

Niko journeys to the desert,
defies expectations and ruthlessly creates.
Everlasting mirth, hatred, and flight.
Cities of gold and orange fall.

Folding into time Nuit
magics her way subtle and sublime
Touching and revoking earnestly
She loves him.

Osiris she names a cough,
Healing mysteries and expeditions,
To discover a heart in the smoke.
Weaving a scarab into worlds, she jokes.

“Nobody can win at all the games,

There's one made of fifths,
Sameness purveying in all the dramas of
Onksalon and Yggdrasil."

Nuit forever finds and chokes.
Lovers demand from her a temple
A sapphire, and a trickle
of truth. They make a promise by her.

Lovers always forget she breaks,
engines that they cannot take.
And suppose roses are red.
They cover a field of blue and green.

"Once we wandered and we spoke,
to trees, birds and with ease."

She takes their promise
and together she misplaces it.
With a siren, a green man,
a memory, and a haloed tree.

With relics of earnestness
he tells her the truth, she brays,
and kisses him, almost,
Five stories they forsooth.

Haloed time, creating rhyme,
of dances and battles
From October to September,
From Underwater to High Air.

He wants her, always, though he has her,
gently beneath the Earth's furr.
She savagely forgives Memory,
he accidentally breaks stained glass, savory.

Kilderkin

Wordless and whispering, he rumbles
black and green.
Terrifying Lucien's mask,
who rules by thought alone.

Inside a house it severs her color.
Warring with itself, he speaks plain and pure.

In a voice that can't be understood.
Dancing philosophies in a sensuous flood.

"I love you, Desire, scared as you are.
In your rooms of order and tales afar.
She is too gone, and needles through distances,
Heedless of your fated persistence."

"I see prognosticators, and filthy rats,
a man cloaked in black, and two bodies
with their eyes torn out. I see cherished pain
fight with terrible waiting no more."

Blood pumps and marrow-work
Power engines of pleasure and sweet tongues,
Quell hitherto-sought knives,
and screwdrivers, together with Nervosa.

"I lay inside a box, my name is your friend,
I lay possessed, true till the end."

Hell and Imagined Pains
Without scorn, he wanted her touch.
Without music he wanted her song.
Slowly he memorized her smile.
A fantasy in a book he loved.

Brute and Glob are once again caged,
He banishes, laughs, and scorns them.
Lustily he bakes childhood in the oven.
Cherishing the dreams he's placed himself.

A trick waiting for an explanation,
Develops into a horrid trick.
One that her forgiveness won't forgive.
Smilingly, he dresses in red and yellow.

A gem amidst the power and the crime,
It does unnoticed, so long as he wears that
Yellow and Red.
Inside his head.

The trick became a room, with a door
to Freedom, yet comfy, inviting.
Bidding him to stay.

To join in this simple fray.

When he stayed, he forgot the trick that he played on all.
Becoming Raven, noticed, nothing, and popular all at once.

He never left the room
and one day the door closed.
Locking him in a path of pain
and suffering, misunderstanding.

The colors before him, the voices
he thought he heard, the medicine he took,
Until at last desperately he clung to
Truth, his daughter.

In a plot of land purely imagined,
sorely tended to,
and thoughtfully remembered,
there is a facade.

He is fitted to this paradigm,
where words don't belong in songs,
and American creations, passed seethingly
to the next dreamer, to test their Mettle

Pieces and fragments of moments of shock
Derive great pleasure in fabulous moments of stock.
But he no longer sees green, only red intervenes.
Forgotten there lays an unopened box.

Wolves
Smallness and wolves intermingle,
wearing masks of sheep and blue angles,
purely imagined, red and white
they don't even notice the fight.

Together a woman presented a solace,
the man took her word and bought her a ring
Forgotten fractured panels mended themselves,
and black and white photos whispered, afraid.

A hero in green made his way to some domain,
knowing everything he knew how to make her stop.
He worked sordidly in some tiny magic shoppe.
Gems and crystals were used to record fables.

Leviathans and Black Elk Speaks fell to the hero,
A vision as such dismissed out of hand,
Walking to a car, and driving to a dangerous place,
several people mingled, twin terrors jettisoned post haste.

In several sparkling facets, each one tinily told,
of a maker immune, flat and legumed.
He whispered of magic beyond laughter, beyond
cosmos and Voltaire's Satire.

Nude Twins

Today there was a tenuous hold
in a bleak Elioton Land. Nothing
was there, no beginning, no end, and
there had always been nothing there.

A bird flew elsewhere, into some great maw,
spitting fire onto cards and dates with ire.
Some great Queen meets with this raven and
the light comes near into her fear.

Seldom is heard, a discouraging word,
of a man, fallen to love his creations.
It's simple what he must do,
What will happen to him, no one knew.

Give me your heart, she said, he did, died,
and she chopped off his head. He laughed to see
such a sight, and the man in the gloom
with his rats spoke at last, no more.

"It was easy," he said, "to communicate with words."
Everything in his head blended together, freedom
from strangeness and weirdness and Will's end.

Endless

There are only endless, together, with no one else.
Logic pairs with Dream and logic rules the land.
crushing a man. Truth takes a walk in the park
and Memory tells him what he's done.

Severity with goodness speaks to the soul.
With nothing but passion for the hesitant goal.
He is not famous until he is posthumous.

And winding roads no longer wind.

They are merely supine. No more victory,
no more gladness. In the beginning, from a thought,
came her goodness. Her perfection displeases him
and another forever yearns for her goodness.

Machinations go on as long as there is truth,
Engines of feelings that he cannot comprehend
bid logic to keep himself tiny and small, for he is
so little.

A secret is something that cannot be told,
not something that won't be bold.
So here's not a secret but something known:
A little magic goes a long way.

A story shared is the best ever played.
Ceaseless are Words' tirades, weavingly made.

Magic

A magician named Dee, not A nor Bee,
Two twins of Duluth, born in a songwriter's place
Conjures some memory, not true.
of threes and fives pairing together.

Beatific poems of neverending sea storms
Devils bother and perturb why this won't happen, not that.
A battle won, by a savior, trained in cloths forlorn
Endlessly blend into someone else's snow storms.

Somehow he wins, it's not true but it matters,
Delusion succumbs to clarity
One ring to rule them all
makes its wearer vanish to thin air.
And in the Darkness bind them.

Cosmologies studied, philosophies trued,
Abyss traversed in Mordor, where shadows lie.
Thoth who speaks true, writing so few
it hardly matters.

Food

Sweet potato salad and salmon burgers,
blend well together with Deviled Eggs

and watermelon.

Pandemonium

“Perhaps my favorite word, pandemonium,” said the young woman. “The way that it seems to imply this chaotic magic.”

“I disagree,” said the toadstool. “It's all just abracadabra, with you isn't it, Charm? Gibberish and nonsense. There's no such thing as magic, anyway.”

“Lookit you!” She exclaimed, her eyes widening in glee. “You think you know so much, about the world and the way everything 'is.' Why I wouldn't be surprised if you were unable to communicate with anything in the regular fashion.”

“Says you,” the toadstool grumbled. “It wasn't as if *you'd* know anything about the cleverness of mushrooms, of mycelium and their underground network. *Why* it's as if she doesn't even understand that we all can communicate with her if we want to, right chubs?” This last was more of an introspection and true that it *was* connected to every other little fiber of friendly fungi, it was unlikely that it would be granted the puissance necessarily to summon the larger Chubs from their lazy snoozing and creative “dreams” to communicate what Charm would perceive as an “otherworldly intelligence.”

The friendly fungi, the Chubs, were inhabitants of a special locale of the planet. They inhibited the intelligence of humans from navigating to the frog-people, the serpent-folk, and the Rolly-Bubs.

“Oh grubs 'n snubs,” Charm's eyes were twinkling as the rumble-dumblings of the toadstools and its friends misbehaved.

“Sly, by-the-way” Master Toadstool remarked, he supposed privately pleased at the way the young woman seemed to be catching on to his dialect. Really she just had an innate understanding of the way of *her* imagination, and how she could step literally-figuratively, into it. What was the difference anyway, when something as weird as the imagination was involved.

Charm had been treated to the notion that the imagination was the Magi Nation, someone composed of eyes, I's, or 1's. 0's too perhaps. Something like a matrix, a gnostic byway that allowed the people to invocation of supposed beings that were more pleasant and enjoyable than to-this-point pondered.

Ubs 'n Blubs

Alliteration, allegory, rhyme, time, rules of the nonsense were the rules of this magician, and he further wondered a way in which the young woman, Charm, seemed to behave as though she *could* speak to the toadstool, when in fact it was the toadstool and his friends that were the higher life-forms, nurturing her creative potential- Charm having no real notion beyond what popped into her imagination that allowed her to hold, to Sangdoclentine's eyes anyways, conversation with it. Must be coincidence.

“Oh he who is dubbed 'Magi of the Great Tree Shrub' please won't you come down and join in the fub,

I mean fun!”

Memories of a zombie named Stubs snubbed its way into Sangdoclentine's worldview. “Rub the pub's tub. Rub the pub's tub.” Sangdoclentine shook his inflating head, worried that the infected mushroom would grub and Ub its way into his...thought? No...brain? Impossible...memory? Not really a concern, unless...

Dagnabbit Varmints

The hypersigil involved a great deal of portending, portraying perfect pinon trees and Sangdoclentine knew the Toadstools had festered within his *mind*, demanding transmutation.

His vestiges of proceedings went to the memory that there was a Loony Tune that babbled its way through his dee-um. Carpe diem?

Must be right, seize the day. No, no, no! Cranium!

The oneironaut steeped through the tea, the dreams, and the fungus. All the way down to the rumblings and vibrations of the planets' core.